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NEWMARKET
ONT.

NUMBER XI

1938

The

Voyageur



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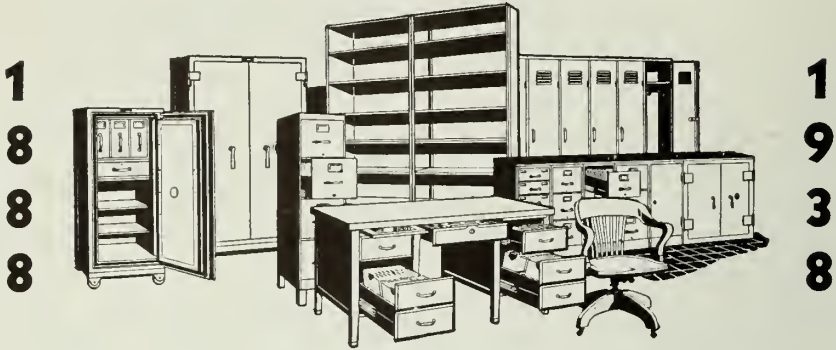
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in England in the 11th century as the "Eastern Nutte-Beam." It is used to some extent in medicinal and other preparations, but the nuts are chiefly used for eating. There are hard shell, soft shell and some specially thin-shelled varieties known as paper shells. The long almonds of Malaya, known as Jordan almonds and the broad almonds of Valencia are the most valued.

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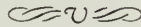
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The VOYAGEUR

VOL. 11

1938

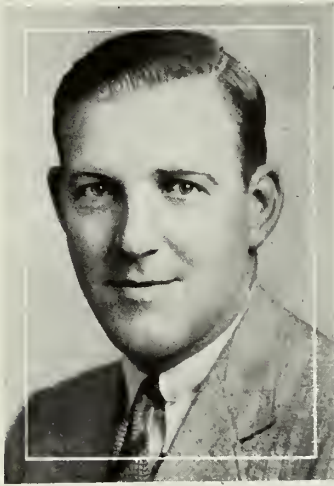
PUBLISHED BY THE STAFF AND
STUDENTS OF PICKERING COLLEGE, NEWMARKET,
ONTARIO, CANADA



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A PERSONAL WORD



THESE ARE TROUBLOUS TIMES. Day after day our newspaper brings us stories of strife in various parts of the world; it reports a new rising tide of unemployment and economic distress with their attendant human misery; it carries the story of man's inhumanity to man the world o'er. This is not the time or the place to expand at length on these matters. It is, rather, my pleasure to indicate that in spite of the shadows which hang over us, there is still youth, there is still hopefulness and optimism and that there is still idealism. It would rather be my purpose to stress the fact that underneath the chaos and turbulence of our present world, there are fundamental and eternal values,—that in the final analysis, might, force and strength are not the ultimate arbiters of human destiny.

Those of us who are faced with the task of education in these difficult days full well realize the responsibility that is ours,—of preparing young men to enter a world that may probably be a more difficult one than any that their forefathers have experienced.

The following pages carry the record of another year of activity in Pickering College. It has been a year of pleasant associations,—a year with its due proportions of success and failure in a great variety of activities. Through it all, however, we have tried to emphasize the fact that there is a place in the scheme of things for men of goodwill and earnest purpose.

Amid the routine of our daily life it has been our endeavour to inculcate in young lives a love of the true, the good and the beautiful, and to develop in them a confidence that these values are supreme and eternal.

To those members who have served conscientiously on committees and executives, to all my colleagues on the staff, I offer my very sincere thanks for the year just closed. It is the first year of our second decade since the reopening of the school in 1927. It is my earnest hope that the success of this year may be an augury of further success in the years to come and that the happiness of this year together may be a constant stimulus to renewed effort on behalf of the young manhood of Canada.

JOSEPH MCCULLEY

• EDITORIAL •

To the Past, the Present and the Future

SCARCELY MORE THAN A YEAR AGO a banquet was held at the King Edward Hotel in Toronto to commemorate the completion of the first ten successful years of a new Pickering College. The ten year experimental period was officially over and Pickering had succeeded in taking a front place with the other, older, well-known, Canadian schools.

Last fall was the beginning of a new era in the history of our college but this period had a decidedly different beginning than the first. The task of the charter students and staff members was far from being an easy one. School traditions had to be established with the aid of time and actual experience. From the beginning a new and different system of student government was being developed under the guidance of a young and enthusiastic headmaster. Student ideals and attitudes had to be expressed and brought forth by the various early student committees before they found a permanent place in school life.

The first year of this new decade has been a successful one but in some respects not an easy one. During the very early years of the new college the chief concern of its members was to establish not only the Pickering that we have to-day but rather to gain for themselves, and subsequently ourselves, and those that will follow us, the reputation of good sportsmanship together with good fellowship at all times. That reputation was gained by the students who are our predecessors. To-day and to-morrow we, the present students and the students who will fill our places, have a constant duty to perform, not for ourselves but for Pickering, to maintain its standards, its traditions and the liberty for which it stands.

During the American War for Independence the revolutionists declared they were "In pursuit of happiness." Happiness meant to them much the same as it does to us--liberty, personal freedom and a measure of self expression. To-day that is what we, the past and the present students of Pickering, know it stands for, and it is our hope that as long as it shall stand as a college it will mean the same to every one of its future students.

EDWARD G. MACK.





Photo by R. B. Green

The Voyageur Staff

Back Row—Freedman (Advertising), Mr. McCulley, Mr. Renzius, Mr. Perry (Staff Editor).

Front Row—Lindsey, (Advertising); Lanier, (Literary); E. Mack (Editor); Lewis (Student Activities).



The Destiny of Democracy

(The British tradition in the world to-day)

(Summary of an address to the Toronto Kiwanis Clubs on
Thursday, May 26th, 1938.)

JOS. McCULLEY, Headmaster

THIS LUNCHEON is planned in honour of Empire Day, celebrated on the birthday of Queen Victoria. There is very real reason to reflect why it is that we should still celebrate the birthday of a queen who died almost forty years ago. One is reminded of the school children's jingle,

*"The twenty-fourth of May is the Queen's birthday,
If you don't give us a holiday, we'll all run away."*

There are serious reasons why her birthday should be celebrated as Empire Day. It was during her reign that the Empire approached its present form territorially. It was also during her reign that those seeds were sown which have since developed into the unique political structure that we know as the British Commonwealth of Nations. The Confederation of Canada, on July 1st, 1867, was but the beginning of that combination of self-governing nations related to each other by the strongest possible ties,—those ties which lie deep in our history and tradition.

Queen Victoria gave her name to a whole era comprising the latter part of the nineteenth century. In many places the word is used to describe something that is outworn and outmoded. To use the word "Victorian" in this way, however, is a sign of ignorance. It was during her reign that the growth of a political democracy in Great Britain came nearer to realization through the extension of the franchise. It was during her reign that people realized the necessity of mass education—if a political democracy is to be a reality it must be founded on an intelligent citizenship. Her reign also was a period of expansion in all phases of life and activity. The boundaries of knowledge were extended further than up till that time man had ever dared to dream. There was granted to all individuals during this period the freedom to explore, to investigate and to carry the banners of light and learning beyond those boundaries where they had rested for years. It was during this era that man began to visualize something of the possibilities for the progress of mankind inherent within himself. Sages and seers, recognizing human potentialities, envisioned something of the possibilities of the ultimate development which he might achieve. The belief in "human progress" was indeed sometimes too complacent. It was a nineteenth century poet who wrote "God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world." In spite of this tendency, however, the basis of the idea was essentially sound. Man has possibilities within himself for realizing dreams that only a limited few had envisioned prior to this period.

It is for this reason that on this Empire Day I have chosen to speak on "The Destiny of Democracy." If the Victorian period gave to the world any worth while heritage it is that intangible something which is described by the word "democracy." It is necessary, however, to point out that democ-

racy, properly understood, means more than just a political mechanism. Any definition of democracy is inadequate if it merely remains within the bounds of technical politics. It is sometimes understood as "the rule of the people." The rule of the people, however, may merely mean the rule of the mob, and this cannot possibly be a satisfactory definition of democracy. There are those who think that democracy is synonymous with universal suffrage and who anticipated that with the extension of the franchise the millenium would arrive. Such a conception, however, is too limited. Democracy is never won. Although it is infinitely perfectible, it is never perfected. The achievement of real democracy means that every gain must be defended and frequently against misguided members of democracy's own communities.

An outstanding American scholar has recently defined democracy as "a sentiment with respect to the *moral* equality of man and an aspiration towards a society in which this sentiment will find complete fulfillment." Such a definition is very much in line with that proposed by that great German literary figure who now can find no home in his own country—Thomas Mann, who, in his recent lecture in Toronto, defined democracy as "that form of state and society which is, more than any other, inspired by the intellectual and emotional realization of the dignity of man." Something of the same attitude to life was emphasized by Dr. Wallace, Principal of Queen's University, who in his Convocation Address this year emphasized the necessity of educated men and women making a fight in this day for the preservation of freedom.

Democracy in this broad sense is based on a conception of the dignity of human life and the necessity that there is for freedom for each individual, "free from the shackles and bonds of prejudice, free from narrow thinking and undisciplined emotions," to develop his own best qualities of mind and thereby to make his best contribution to the good of society as a whole. Conditions in the world today are challenging this whole attitude to life. We don't object to the new political forms introduced by certain nations in the world today merely because they differ from ours. The real objection is that in many areas of the world today, the human spirit is being crushed, that growth is being denied and that freedom to think, to speak, to utter, is no longer accepted as one of the basic human rights.

Democracy implies the rule of law among individuals who are moral equals. In the countries mentioned above the rule of law is being supplanted by the rule of force in all the relationships of man to man. It is high time that we, as British subjects, re-asserted our belief in democratic principles. In a world in which these basic rights are being flagrantly trodden down, it is our duty to assert once again the basic dignity that should be the mark of all human life. If our Empire is to continue great in its relationship with other nations, it can only be as we carry these principles, on which our common life within the Empire has been based, into the sphere of international relations. To meet force by force is not a sufficient answer. In spite of the difficulties of the present situation, I am convinced that the British Empire can make its best contribution to the future of mankind on this planet by emphasizing in all its relationships with other political units, the basic truth of the democratic principle.

It is, however, easy to satisfy our own feelings and our own emotions by pointing out the wickedness of dictators in far away places. Is it not a

fair thing to look closer home and to see even within our own borders those challenges to the democratic way of life that threaten the fundamental bases on which our British and Anglo-Saxon civilization have been built? Is it necessary for the preservation of our rights and liberties that private organizations in our own country should be permitted to arm and to drill secretly with a view, apparently, to taking the law into their hands? Is truth so weak a thing that it must be protected by a padlock law? If we permit such activities as these to go on in our own country, how can we criticize others and furthermore how can we assert that we have any vital belief in democracy. In this connection, may I point out to this audience the significance of an event that took place in this community a few days ago. I refer to the opening of the new Holy Blossom Synagogue. Representative citizens of our community, including the Governor-General of this Dominion, the Lieutenant-Governor of this Province and the Mayor of this city, all co-operated in the dedication services during the week-end. To my mind this occasion was symbolic of some of the finest virtues of our democratic way of life. Although harassed, driven from homes and positions in many other countries of the world, the Jews of this city have erected and dedicated to the service of the community one of the noblest architectural edifices that we have in our midst. We must recognize that all people within our midst, be they Jew or Gentile, French or Anglo-Saxon, black or white, Protestant or Catholic, have a contribution to make to our common culture. That contribution, however, can only be made as long as there remains freedom within our borders.

I would also mention as symbolic of the true spirit of democracy, the Canadian Youth Congress which met in Toronto this spring, representing church groups, Y.M.C.A.'s, Y.W.C.A.'s, student groups, workers' groups, farmers' groups, political groups and many others. It provided, for those who have eyes to see, a cross section of young Canada facing its own problems and trying to think them through to an intelligent solution.

I do not deny that in the exercise of freedom there will be individuals who will make mistakes, but I do assert that there can be no true expression of the spirit of democracy unless that freedom, even to make mistakes, is preserved. It was at the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria that our country was harassed by rebellion within our own borders. Few there would be to deny that William Lyon Mackenzie and many of those associated with him made mistakes but at the present minute this Province is erecting a monument in Queen's Park to his memory. It must be because we recognize that in spite of mistakes he contributed something vital to the growth of the democratic spirit in our own country.

To my mind an understanding of democracy, not merely as a political mechanism, but as a way of life, is the most vital contribution that the British peoples have made to the development of Western culture. Although challenged by powerful enemies in other countries and equally within our own borders by a variety of forces, we can show our own loyalty to the best that our Empire stands for, by re-asserting in all our relationships the fundamental truth of the democratic principle.



STAFF IN THE NEWS

(Reading left to right)

Miss Irene McCulley, the headmaster's genial sister, has held the position of dietitian during the past year and has successfully blended vitamins, good humour and skiing.

Mr. Wilfred Pollard is not only one of our best skiers, but a craftsman, and instructor in shorthand and typing. Wilf. came through the senior school as a student, and is now a permanent member of the staff. The amusement or whatever it is, expressed in the picture may be due to the fact that he is to join the ranks of the married class.

Mr. Harry Beer, many long years ago, was one of our very first students. During his career here he maintained a high standard of scholarship, and in his final year was awarded the Cummer Scholarship. He graduated from the University of Toronto in History, and then spent two years abroad studying French and German. He spent considerable time in departed Austria. Harry returned this year to take over the Modern Language department and Wednesday's duties and to bring back a fine sense of humour to his alma mater.

Mr. Taylor Statten, director of character education, took leave of absence to do some globe trotting. Sailing from New York shortly before Christmas he and his wife went to Europe, thence by way of the Suez Canal to India, where they opened Camp Tonakela, a camp for young people near Madras. Continuing their trip they went eastward to China and Japan, returning home toward the latter part of March. Mr. Statten's fine record of coloured moving pictures has been a treat for those who have seen them.

Mr. Frank Murch, school pianist and instructor in music, has been the hard working co-producer of the School's celebrated Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Rarely appearing in the photographic records of the shows, Frank has escaped with a small proportion of the commendation due him.

Mr. R. E. K. Rourke, the other important part of the producing staff for the G and S. shows, has frequently appeared in print, so we take the liberty of showing him in an unusual pose ready to "shoot a scene."

GOING HOLMES



John W. Holmes

WHEN THE NEWS of Jack Holmes' departure from us on leave of absence for at least two years, reached one of our students, he wrote home that "nothing short of a catastrophe had happened"; that, in addition to testifying to Jack as a teacher of descriptive English, just about expresses our feelings. "Punning" has been accused of being the lowest form of humour, but in Jack's case it was the foundation stone of a sense of humour which has been the delight of staff and students for five years. Now, armed with a B.A. (Western '32) and an M.A. (U. of T. '33) he is attacking the fortress of post-graduate studies at the University of London (England). All we can

look for therefore, is that the traditional solemnity of the British Museum will be shattered, that "father" Bunny Austin will be driven from Wimbledon, and Noel Coward toppled from his throne, all by the wit and skill of John W. Holmes. And to all these worthy enterprises we say "good luck, but come back."



LITERARY

Programme

Dinner

Toast - The King

Solo

To Life A Boon - G. N. J. Willington

(from 'The Yeomen of The Guard')

Ottawa, Ont.
June 7th, 1938.

Joseph McCulley, B.A.,
Headmaster, Pickering College,
Newmarket, Ontario.
I am deeply disappointed by their essays
parliamentary and the clearest glimpse of
be present, one and all long be spared to
their own lives and to impart to others
something of the secret which inspired the
heroism of Harper's life.

W. L. MACKENZIE KING.

Awards

GROUP A (Forms I and II)

Barney Apple, Toronto; Charles Beer, Toronto;
William Ross, Montreal; Harold Scholz, Woodstock.

GROUP B (Forms Business III and Matriculation III)

John Hall, Noranda; Jack Rankin, Montreal; Terence
Bamford, North Bay; Eugene Onyschuk, Sudbury.

GROUP C (Forms Business IV and V)

Edward Mack, Toronto; Reginald Lewis, Barrie;
Roger Strouse, New York.

GROUP D (Forms Matriculation IV and V)

Gordon Hay, West Hill; Charles Lanier, Lethbridge;
Hugh Buchanan, Lethbridge; Peter Sloss, New York;
Bruce Glendinning, Toronto; Robert LeBrocq,
Hamilton.

FINALS

1. GORDON HAY
2. JOHN HALL

Honourable Mention

CHARLES LANIER
EDWARD MACK
BARNEY APPLE

Grateful acknowledgment for assistance in judging
is hereby made to Mr. Denis Mungovan, B.A., of the
Newmarket High School.

Complimentary Dinner

to the winners of the

Harper Memorial Essay Contest



"If I lose myself, I save myself"

Pickering College

Newmarket, Ont.

June 8, 1938

Presentation of Awards -

- Sir Wm. Mulock, K.C.M.G.

Commisal

The Harper Memorial Essay has been sponsored by
Sir William Mulock to draw the attention of the
student body to the life, achievements and character of
Henry Albert Harper, who lost his life in an unselfish
effort to save a companion, a fellow member of a
skating party, on the Ottawa River, December 6, 1901.

The statue of Sir Galahad standing in front of the
Parliament Buildings in Ottawa was erected by public
subscription and a memoir of his life, under the title,
'The Secret Of Heroism,' written by the present Prime
Minister of Canada, the Rt. Hon. William Lyon
Mackenzie King. The essays are based on a reading of
this book, copies of which were presented to the
students by Sir William, who has also awarded the
prizes.

• ARTICLE •

Off to the West Indies

by **EDWARD G. MACK**

DOWN THROUGH the hills of Pennsylvania and into the great metropolis of New York journeyed a small group of students and staff from Pickering. Some of them were bound for the West Indies, others were on their way to Baltimore and Washington.

In New York the time passed quickly; a morning and an afternoon of sight-seeing mingled with tall buildings, dirty subways, strikers, taxi-cabs rushing madly in every direction, and the teeming crowds of Times Square could scarcely be termed dull.

The *S.S. Berlin* was docked at pier 86, not far from the Hotel Lincoln, never-the-less there was the customary mad scramble to get on board before the last well-wisher had disembarked and the gang-plank was drawn up. Then the boat slowly pulled away from its dock in full Harbour dress, crowds and Roger Strouse cheering, and the band playing. New York slowly faded into the distance to be temporarily forgotten as the *Berlin* made her way through the slow river traffic and out past Ambrose light-ship, into a world of gaiety and excitement.

Life on the boat was up to all due expectations, with just one meal

(Continued on Page 35)



—Photo by E. G. Mack

Lovely Paradise Beach, Nassau

• SHORT STORY •

“Isaac”

by CHARLES BEER

VIENNA IN MARCH 1938 was in a turbulent state. Nazis and Schuschnigg's men glared wildly at each other and the country seemed on the verge of civil war. Disturbing rumours came from Germany. Many worried and anxious faces were to be found in Vienna. But one citizen of Vienna showed a cheerful, happy and carefree face this March morning. This was Isaac Rosemeyer, a Jew and as good a man as may be found on the face of this troubled earth.

Gay was the world for Isaac. No cares clouded his brow. The world looked rosy to him. His prospects were bright. Soon to be made partner of the firm he worked for, engaged to marry the girl of his heart, and with no cares or worries, Isaac was indeed lucky. As he undressed, whistling, it seemed to him his life had reached its zenith. A glorious future spread before him. He got into bed and went to sleep—probably one of the happiest men in the world.

Next morning, Isaac rose to go to work as usual. He sauntered out in the streets with a smile for every man. He noticed a queer tension about the crowds to-day. Little groups of men stood on street corners chattering excitedly and flourishing newspapers. Suddenly away in the distance, Isaac heard a dull muffled noise. It grew louder and louder until a “boom-boom-boom” filled the air. Crowds started running and lined the streets. Louder and louder grew the noise until Isaac recognized it as the marching tread of many men. Drums rolled out their accompaniment but little did Isaac know they were the drums of fate. Soon there entered the square a regiment of soldiers—not Austrians—but big, stolid Germans doing the goose step. Regiment after regiment strutted by, followed by sleek black tanks, armoured cars, pompous generals,—the armed might of Germany on parade. This display of force easily humbled the Viennese.

To Isaac, bewildered at first, burst all at once the horrible realization of what this really meant. This was Hitler's stroke—the invasion of Austria. Hereafter Austria would be under the iron thumb of Der Fuehrer. No longer would freedom abound. Austria was doomed to Fascism. Isaac shuddered as he watched the crowds shouting and waving happily. Little did they know what the future held in store for them.

Suddenly he realized that this invasion affected him and his brethren. Was not Hitler the persecutor of Jews, their tormentor, and scourge? Had not German Jews endured hell under him? Isaac trembled. He must see his future partner, also a Jew, and his fiancée and discuss the tragedy with them. He wended his way to Hoffmayer's, the big department store where he was soon to become partner. To his dismay he found it empty and boarded up. Across the windows, some Nazi had scrawled the words “Jude! Jude! Jude!” Despair and hopelessness seized Isaac's heart.

With leaden footsteps Isaac retraced his way and went to the house of Sonja, his fiancée and a German. The house was empty but an old caretaker

gave Isaac a note from Sonja. It said, briefly, that they were going away to live in Germany, and that, as Sonja's father depended on Hitler's favour in order to keep his position, he could not allow his daughter to marry a Jew. Isaac sobbed in despair at the last sentence. All was over and finished. There was no use going on. Everything was ruined. A hideous misery gripped his tortured soul. His castle of dreams was destroyed. His fiancée and best friend were gone. He saw his future persecutions under the Nazis.

Completely broken-hearted, he went home and spent an unhappy but thoughtful evening. Suddenly he made up his mind what to do. Worry and despair left him. He saw the way out. At once he went and purchased a revolver. On the way back he read of the persecutions of Jews, already begun. He went up to his room and wrote two letters.

He started as he heard the front door open. A gruff voice inquired if Rosemeyer, the Jew, was at home. Soon afterwards, the tread and clank of armed men could be heard on the stairs.

A brutal voice shouted, "Come, the scum's down here. Lets drag the rat out of his hole."

Before Isaac flitted the vision of that single day begun so happily and with such good omen and concluded amid such despair and unhappiness. This morning Isaac would no more have taken his life than change his religion. Now, it was the only thing to do.

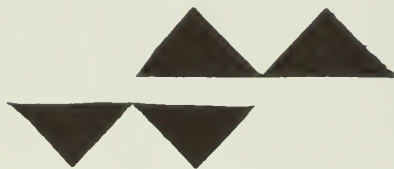
• A SHORT, SHORT STORY •

The Church in the Night

by **ROGER STROUSE**

THE COLOURED WINDOWS faded gradually out: only a twilight blue was left beneath the roof: and that died too. Then, only double rows of candle-flames gave light, pointing and floating above the shadows of the floor and the shadows of benches and the shadowed faces of old men and youths. Hushed prayer echoed; and the long rolling organ-waves rose and fell, half-drowning the singing and setting it free again. All was muffled. I sat there motionless and virtually unconscious, neither kneeling nor standing with the others, but leaning rigidly back.

After the service was over the congregation emerged into the night and were swallowed up in the mist. White surprising faces glimmered and vanished under the street lights. It was this kind of a night that I too was walking in—alone. Perhaps I deserved no better fate. My big brownstone house loomed formlessly in the dense sky, picked out by dimly-lit windows, and forlorn gate lamps. There were two figures standing there silently. As I approached they turned towards me but before either of them spoke I said, "All right, I'll go quietly."



• POETRY •

Who Am I?

• by **E. ONYSCHUK**

Think back through History's cycles
And see how the world has changed;
Think of the Romans, and the Spartans,
And the wars that they have waged.

We call them ancient, barbaric:
They killed with sword and spear,
But what of our modern armies
That kill with fire: from fear.

The men of our modern armies
Haven't a chance for their lives,
They leave behind in apparent safety,
Their children, their homes, and their wives.

But there is no safety now,
From the terror of war and of strife;
For, as soon as your back is turned,
You may fall down dead, from a knife.

A knife in your back, or a bullet
Will send you to your glory,
And you may lie in your grave
While others just read your story.

But the story that's written is different;
Different as the night is from day,
For this man that died in glory,
Died like a rat, at bay.

And what of the men that lead us?
Not in the front, but from behind:
They stay back, in warmth and safety,
While we fight, for we are blind.

The Bible says that the evil must die,
But 'tis the righteous that perish:
For they are ones who save the evil,
To stumble, to fight, and kill to the finish.

But who am I, in the sea of humanity?
To write of the world and its blunders.
Who am I to love and to cherish—
Only a bubble that waits and wonders.

• SHORT STORY •

The Intruder

by ALBERT DORLAND

FOR TWO DAYS a terrific gale had been lashing the North Atlantic, sweeping down from the north to the Straits of Belle Isle. In the distance a great Arctic owl flew heavily along, worn out from flying since he had been blown out to sea the day before, hundreds of miles to the northward. For an instant he seemed to glide motionless, as though his energy was spent and he was going to sink down into the icy waters below, then recovering he quickened his pace, as if for the first time he had discerned the barren coast of Labrador, far away on his right. It was nearly dusk when he finally winged his way over the shore and alighted in a large cedar, a little way inland. Tired out he fell asleep.

It was night when the great snowy visitor awakened and viewed his unfamiliar surroundings through famished eyes. He stared around for some time at the strange green world, unable to comprehend the change that had come over his snowy home. Then realizing his hunger, he glided down from the cedar and seized an unsuspecting mouse in his talons. One mouse, however, was hardly sufficient for the huge owl, and only served to whet his appetite to a dangerous degree; hence, mounting on snowy pinions, he glided over the silent woods.

Suddenly a great bundle of sticks in a tree-top attracted his attention and he wheeled around and glided over to it. It proved to be a nest and sitting on some eggs was a large bird with a long, snakey neck and spear-like bill. The heron, for so it proved to be, uttered a hoarse cry and before the owl realized it, that spear-like bill pierced his shoulder and ploughed through the downy feathers to the bone. Mad with pain and hunger the owl mounted into the air and drove at the heron with talons outspread. The heron was quick and lunged out with her snakey neck but the owl, quicker yet, swerved aside and dug his talons into the heron's neck, cutting through the bird's jugular vein. Then, with great rending strokes of his hooked beak, the great owl began to devour the luckless bird.

Gorging himself on female heron, the Arctic owl failed to keep a sharp look out and did not see the heron's mate, flying with neck outstretched to the nest. The owl did not turn till he heard a rush of wings and an angry hiss as the male heron rushed at him to avenge the death of his mate. Too late he raised his dangerous hooked beak. Before he could spring into the air, the heron's bill caught him and struck deep through his breast to his heart. He fell back into the nest—dead, with the blood fast dyeing his snowy plumage. His body grew cold, cold like the Arctic, and the wind ruffled his feathers like a flurry of snow. The intruder was gone.

• STORY •

Once in the Life of Every Student

by EDWARD G. MACK

TOWARDS THE END OF THE FIRST SEMESTER at Walla Walla College the excitement that prevailed found itself not without reason. Only two short days were left before the "autumn hop" and dates of any description were not in abundance. Slowly realizing this, I decided to get busy and investigate my prospects. After having spent nearly two dollars on telephone calls I concluded that there was a bad slump on the date market. Finally in despair I went to see my old friend Sam Baker. Although Sam was a pudgy, little fellow he seemed to have a way with the girls. "Sure," he said, when I approached him on the subject, "Why didn't you ask me sooner? I've got just the girl for you. She's a friend of my sister's and really a swell kid at heart."

"Say, that's fine, boy, you're certainly a life saver. But wait a minute, how about a description of her and what's her name? I'd better call her up right away and get this thing settled."

"Oh that's simple, her name's Cookie, she's about my height, blonde and quite popular. Just call Podunk four, two hundred and ask for Cookie, Cookie Webster."

By the time I reached the phone booth it was rather late and somewhere between fifteen and twenty "studes" had beat me to it. After an hour had passed it was almost my turn. The suspense was rather nerve racking, I was nervous as a young kitten when it was my turn to use the phone. Before commencing I assured myself everything would be alright; at any rate I read her name at least four times to the telephone operator and then tried to put my quarter in the nickel slot. Seconds passed which seemed like hours before I fully realized I was speaking to Cookie's mother and not Cookie.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry to have pulled you out of bed, Mrs. Webster. I mean I'm sorry I didn't pull you out sooner, that is . . . of course . . . has your daughter got a mother? No, no is your daughter's mother home? Oh you'll get Cookie right away. Well that's too bad . . . it's fine. No I didn't mean the weather." It wasn't long before my prospective date answered the phone and what a beautiful voice that girl had. I swallowed my gum and managed to say hello a few times without any results. "Hello, is that you, Cookie? Oh it is, well that's too bad. I'm Roger Buchanan, a friend of Sam Baker's. What do you mean you never heard of him, he's got a sister or something, who knows you. Well that's fine, now we're through the preliminaries how would you like to come to the fall dance with me? Yeh this Friday. Fine! I'll call for you at eight-thirty, so-long."

Eight-thirty was approaching a little too fast to suit my convenience and to make matters worse it was one of those formal affairs. As is to be expected I forgot my white tie and then lost my studs under the bed. The final blow came when my pal, Rus Lloyd, informed me he had promised his girl a

corsage of orchids for the dance. "And what are we going to use to pay our hotel bill?" I asked. "I'm no piker, the sky's the limit, and we'll wash dishes all day."

Only an hour late we arrived at Cookie's house. As usual I had to interview the whole family before I even saw the girl. Eventually she appeared; a rather woe-begone looking girl wearing a small, ridiculous-looking, green hat with a long, orange feather stuck on top of it. Then it dawned on me that something was wrong; before I could say anything she broke the silence by asking me why I was late, why I looked so uncomfortable and above all why I didn't tell her it was a formal dance. I started to explain myself in a most awkward fashion and at the same time I figured I was making an awful fool of myself. Cookie saw my difficulty and decided to help out by making some remark about waiting around while she got ready all over again and concluded by telling me to discuss politics with her father, she was sure he wouldn't mind.

About an hour later she was ready and we were on our way to the dance. Rus' girl was very thoughtful and sweetly reminded us of the promised orchids. We stopped at the first, likely-looking, flower shop. Rus and I entered a little cautiously, having learned from past experience that it was too expensive to bring a girl into any place like this. "How much are these corsages with orchids?" I inquired.

"You can get a cheap one for three dollars," said the florist, "But if you want something nice it will cost you five."

"That's just fine, old man, and how would you like to buy some rat poison?" I pulled out an old calling card and presented it to him. "Any time you're out our way look us up and we'll give you a sample." With that I barged out of the store almost dragging Rus behind me. When we got in the car Cookie asked a lot of questions and wanted to know when she was going to get her corsage. I had to think fast, so I told her we were having them sent to the college. I know she didn't believe me, but it was a good story and I was stuck with it.

Some two and a half hours late we arrived at the dance, having just missed the supper and over half of the dancing. As soon as we were on the dance floor Cookie wanted to meet the headmaster claiming she had always wanted to call a headmaster by his first name. I told her it wasn't quite the thing to do but it didn't help matters any. It wasn't long before she spotted him and asked "Is that him, the little fellow over there in the corner?" I nodded and the first thing I knew she had me in the reception line.

"Pardon me, sir," I said rather quietly, "I would like to introduce you to . . ." But Cookie was gone and I felt, and probably looked, quite foolish. "Excuse me sir," I said rather awkwardly. "I seem to have lost something so if you'll excuse me I'll go and look for it." After which I wandered over to the door, as nonchalantly as possible, and made a hasty exit.

A half an hour had passed and still no girl. Some of the gang were beginning to make wise cracks about how nice it was to be single and all that stuff. Having composed myself to the best of my ability I decided to make the best of it and returned to the party. The band was playing the Big Apple but no one was dancing, they were all standing around the orchestra

clapping in time to the music. I ventured a little closer and there was Cookie playing the base violin, more commonly known as the dog-house by us collegians. As soon as she saw me she waived gaily and invited me to join her. I knew how much this sort of thing was frowned upon but there was no alternative, it was either do or die, so I did. I had always had an idea I'd like to play the traps and this was my big chance.

Just how long the din continued it is hard to say but when we finished there were only three couples left in the room. Rus and his girl were amongst the survivors. They looked a little tired and perhaps slightly annoyed. Apparently they had spent the better part of the evening looking for corsages that just didn't seem to have turned up. For once Rus did something for the good of the cause when he suggested we should all go to the Park York Hotel Cafeteria, a popular place after all college dances. I was greatly relieved to depart from the dance, for I was beginning to feel more than just foolish, after that mad episode with the traps.

On our way out through the lobby of the hotel, Cookie spotted an antique spittoon. She made some comment about it as we passed the desk. I knew this was leading up to more than we had anticipated. As soon as we reached the street, Cookie smiled prettily at Rus and said, "Listen, Russell, I've always wanted an unusual souvenir from a dance. Will you be a dear and go in there and get that big, brass what-cha-ma-call-it?"

"But Cookie," I interrupted, "It's out of the question, we'd end up in jail." I turned to speak to Rus but he was gone, gone after the spittoon. I hesitated a minute, told the girls to get in the car and start the motor. When I reached the lobby, Rus, alma mater's all star quarter-back, was in the midst of an end-run around the bell boys with the spittoon under his arm. Then he spotted me and threw a forward pass across the now-vacated lobby. I don't know how I caught it, it's always been a mystery. I tucked the spittoon under my arm and for the glory of Walla Walla, ran around and around in the revolving door. No sooner did I get outside on the street, than someone tackled me. It was Sam Baker, he thought it was a real game. We picked ourselves up with much difficulty and climbed quickly into the car. With the skin scraped off the end of my nose and the knees out of my trousers I was a fine sight. Cookie thought it was a tremendous joke, every time she looked at us she laughed more heartily.

As we pulled away from the curb there was the sound of crinkling metal and breaking glass and the front tire went flat. In our haste to get away we had left the spittoon on the road and then Cookie had to drive over it.

Some two weeks later I was looking over my expense account which included one new inner-tube, an antique spittoon and a five dollar fine for disturbing the peace. I sat back and thought of the innocent, woe-begone, little girl that was the cause of all this. And then I thought of Rus's remarks the next morning, one of which was outstanding. "I've never seen a girl like that turn up more than once in the life of any student."



• POETRY •

“Yearning”by **R. E. LEWIS**

Some day, when life is not so young,—
 We'll return to Pickering in June.
 Once more to see, to reminisce
 And to envy newcomers,— greet old boys
 Who,—looking back, with longing still
 To tread again the soft green sward
 Growing so lush and plentiful around
 Our new fresh-looking school and campus;
 Cannot remain. This very lawn once
 We ourselves helped wear thin—
 On the playing fields in many a game
 Against worthy foes we strove for victory!
 We *must* depart . . . The evening sun like memory
 Illuminates the pinnacles of our small heaven.



THE HARPER MEMORIAL ESSAY CONTEST

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 8, Sir William Mulock was present at a dinner given for the purpose of presenting prizes to the winners of the Henry Albert Harper Memorial Essay Contest. This contest was in an essay form, with prizes given for the best essay on the life and ideals of Harper as set forth in the book of Harper's life, written in 1906 by our present Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King. Sir William's purpose, in donating these prizes, was to bring further before the youth of today, the wholesome idealistic views of one who lived and died with honour. The awards were in the form of books to be given for the best essays from the five various age and academic groups into which the whole school was divided.

Mr. Mackenzie King expressed his regrets both by telegraph and telephone at his inability to be present when the awards were made. Sir William, however, personally made the presentations to each of the winners, interspersing his congratulatory remarks with both wit and friendly humour. The best essays were those written by Gordon Hay and John Hall, with Honourable Mention going to Edward Mack, Charles Lanier and Barney Apple.

• ESSAY •

The Secret of Heroism

by GORDON HAY

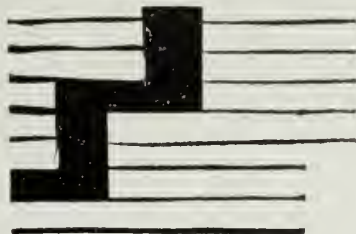
AFTER READING "THE SECRET OF HEROISM" by W. L. Mackenzie King, I have grasped a much deeper meaning of heroism. Heroism is not merely a brave deed committed on the spur of the moment, but a way of life. This process of character building is not accomplished in one's lifetime, but like life is eternal and always making towards perfection.

Character building starts in the home with the parents, as it is their influence woven into one's life which I believe has the greatest effect of all. The same devotion must exist between child and parent as exists between parent and child, helping the latter ever to nobler conduct.

After the first few years of home life, the broader education of school begins, and here it is that self-knowledge, self-reliance, and self-development are realized. The only road to success is work and close, careful study; while to be of service to any cause a man's intellectual as well as his physical powers must be stimulated. A potent means of the enrichment of character, and an important medium of culture is the education afforded by the companionship and close study of nature. Throughout life, however, one meets discouragements and periods of adversity; yet it is these very times which serve as tests and help to prove the man.

In the diary which Henry Harper left we find many views and ideals around which he attempted with no little success to pattern his life. He always recognized that there was much to learn and much to strive for; however, realizing this fact, it was necessary not to care too much about fame and what the world said of him. We must regard our life as a trust given us by the Creator to mould and fashion at our will, in order to make the most of those things with which we have been blessed. To see life steadily and to see it whole, to have respect for the conception of the many-sidedness of truth should be an aim for one and all. Mankind must be loyal and true to each other, with a nature quick to respond to the beautiful and true. With this in mind, why could not men learn to live harmoniously together for the betterment of all, rather than for the selfish advance of the individual?

How fine it would be if one, just through the development of friendships, could become like Henry Harper—one whose support was sought because it could be counted upon. I am sure he realized that friendship is a sanctuary



wherein love for others manifests its highest expression. It is only with really true friends that one is able to exist and face the eternal realities of life through which character building and true happiness come. Harper's whole life and philosophy was based on his sympathetic companionship with others. He expresses the spirit of his whole life when he says: "When sorrow crosses your path, your sorrow is mine just as is your happiness." Hence it is not surprising that, with his undying faith both in God and man, such a fine chap was prepared at any moment to lay down his life for another. When Fate willed that he should so die, he accomplished more for the coming Canadians than if he had lived on.

Albert Harper lived with a fearless integrity of heart and mind, with a constant purpose of self-improvement, and with a belief in the ultimate triumph. How then could his short life be other than a triumph of accomplishment? He devoted his life to his work and took a joy in it, not living and waiting for vacations to come, but making of his daily work an everlasting vacation. Harper loved his country and its people. He was animated by an enthusiasm for the common good of society as a whole as well as for its individual members. He believed in his public life above all, in keeping an open mind, and he believed that as a citizen he must discharge his duties of citizenship to the best of his ability.

Mankind, I believe, is essentially heroic. How a life of heroism is carried through depends entirely on the circumstances and the opportunities. After reading Mr. King's book, I would like to think that the memorial in Ottawa was to commemorate the lives of all those who display "the secret of heroism," and I am very sure that Henry Harper would like it to be so.



--Photo by T. Campbell

Sir William Mulock and the headmaster were
well satisfied with the whole affair.

(Continued from Page 24)

after another. Three short days and nights on the open sea, and the *Berlin* stopped at her first port of call, Nassau.

Nassau is one of those veritable paradises, bearing a close resemblance to the tropics with a northern atmosphere. Tours of the island were plentiful. After inspecting some of the old forts, the squalid native quarters and some of the more interesting places in the town of Nassau, we made our way to Paradise Beach. This beach, as its name implies, is one of the outstanding spots in Nassau. It is almost impossible to describe the beauty of that crystal white sand surrounded by tropical undergrowth and tall, swaying palm trees. The water in the bay was of varying shades of blue, and inhabited with schools of angel fish.

As the sun went down that evening and the strains of "Mama no want no rice, no peas, no cocanut oil" were fast dying out, a rather tired group of would-be-sight-seers embarked on the last tender and headed once again for the *Berlin*. Nassau was rapidly becoming a memory as a firey red moon rose over the azure blue waters and our ship steamed slowly out of the bay towards Bermuda.

Some forty-eight hours later we were on another tender entering the quaint and picturesque harbor of Hamilton, Bermuda. Bermuda is in reality a touch of old England. Bicycles being quite the vogue for transportation, it was only a matter of a few minutes until we were well on our way past the beautiful yellow, blue and white houses that dot the country side on the road to Inverurie and Coral Beach. A short swim at Coral Beach, and we were on our way back to Hamilton with scarcely time to pick up a few souvenirs. It was during the late afternoon when we sailed down the length of the island past the old fortresses and the small gasoline trains to drop our pilot at St. Georges.

In less than two days the sky-scrapers of New York loomed against a smokey sky. The *Berlin* made her way once again through the noisy river traffic to her dock at the foot of forty-sixth street. After a rather hasty farewell to our shipboard acquaintances, we joined the other fellows from the college. Two days in New York were over before they had scarcely begun, and we found ourselves once more hanging out the windows of the large red brick building on the top of the hill at Newmarket.

• TRAVEL •

Highlights and Headlights of the Easter Trip to New York

by DON CHARLES

EASTER MONDAY a party of six members of the staff and student body started out with great expectancy and enthusiasm on a motor trip to New York.

The first day we travelled approximately 350 miles and shortly after dusk encamped in Scranton, Penn., situated in the heart of the coal country.

In the morning light the city of Scranton as it lay nestled in the mountains appeared more appealing than on the previous evening.

"On to Philadelphia and new sights!" was the cry of all. On our arrival in Philly we visited a member of the school. Thanks to the kindness of his family and friends we were royally welcomed and entertained. Some of our party had the privilege and pleasure of enjoying a swim at the Penn. Athletic Club. In the evening we were entertained at dinner and through the courtesy of our hosts we enjoyed a large section of Philly's night life.

Reluctantly, very reluctantly, we left Philly the next morning and journeyed on to Baltimore. Thanks to one of the members of our party we were very graciously received, on our arrival in the city, by his charming friends. Some of the party found Baltimore *very attractive* and so remained over-night to be able to appreciate more fully its outstanding points of interest, such as its famous *baseball park*, etc. The remainder of our party continued on to Washington.

The next day we spent the morning in the rôle of real tourists. We took a tour consisting of a trip to the White House, the Mint, and other governmental buildings. Amid a throng of pushing and stampeding people, we were able to catch a glimpse of the Senate in session. In the afternoon the party visited the very beautiful home of Gen. Geo. Washington at Mt. Vernon, Virginia. Since Baltimore seemed to be a good starting place for the last lap to New York, we returned there to spend the night.

Early the next morning, we set our radiator in the general direction of New York and arrived there late that afternoon. In the evening we visited the Radio City Music Hall and a few of the city's brighter spots. Our last night in New York was spent rather quietly in seeing a show and a radio broadcast, principally because of our weary limbs and feet. We met the other members from the college who had just returned from the Easter Cruise and were glad to see them looking so fit and rested(?)

A very sleepy-looking group of people were seen by at least four milkmen leaving New York the next morning. And so we were headed for Canada and home after seven entertaining and interesting days in the U.S.A.



— Photo by R. H. Perry

Tug boats and shadows at Port Dalhousie

STUDENT ACTIVITIES . . .



THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE

THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE for this year was chiefly composed of students who had been at the college for one or more years. With Mr. G. N. T. Widdrington as staff representative at the meetings, the committee managed to run through its duties as a well organized and efficient unit.

Members of the committee during the year were: "Hap" Glen McKee, Bob Lloyd, Jack Tisdall, Ed. Mack, Bob and Pete McGibbon, Bob Sutcliffe, John McCrea, Bob Shanhouse and Charles Lanier. Glen McKee was elected chairman for three terms in succession. John McCrea held down the duties of secretary and a number of the other members assumed the routine duties for the full three terms. The committee has been aided in carrying out its duties by the fine co-operation of the Student Body.

J. MCCREA.



Photo by R. B. Green

Back Row—Tisdall, Lanier, Mr. Widdrington.

*Seated—Mack, Lloyd, McCrea, McKee (Chairman), P. McGibbon,
R. McGibbon, Shanhouse.*

CHAPEL AND SPECIAL SPEAKERS

DURING THIS YEAR, at one time or another, the following gentlemen, to whom we wish to show our gratitude, have cordially addressed the students:

Mr. Denton Massey, M.P., of Toronto, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and well known as the leader of the York Bible Class, addressed the school on "Denmark."

Captain Baker, M.C., O.B.E., the Executive Secretary of "The Canadian National Institute for the Blind," whose subject was, "Be not discouraged by

slight difficulties," told how physically handicapped people are usually good examples of the most progressive type who make life worthwhile.

Mr. Fred Bartlett, the supervisor of physical education for Toronto schools and a very popular football referee, spoke on "Sportsmanship."

Dr. Geo. S. Patterson, the General Secretary in charge of Y.M.C.A. work in Toronto, gave a talk on the far Eastern situation with particular reference to Japan.

Rabbi M. Eisendrath, of the Holy Blossom Synagogue, gave a brief but illuminating address on "Communism."

Mr. Nelson McEwen, the Boys' Work Secretary of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A., gave an inspiring talk on what qualities of character a youth should have in order to succeed in the business world.

Mr. Taylor Statten addressed the assembly on several occasions and most kindly gave a series of lectures with coloured movies on his tour around the world.

The Headmaster and Messrs. G. N. T. Widdrington, R. H. Perry, R. E. K. Rourke, J. W. Holmes, A. B. Hodgetts, C. R. Blackstock, also addressed the student body and contributed greatly to its spiritual guidance.

B. MORRISON.

"MUSIC MUSINGS"

AFTER BEING discontinued last year, the series of concerts in the assembly hall was given again this season. Previously these concerts took place on certain Sunday afternoons, but this year they were presented as "Evenings of Music," during the week and were as usual available for the people of Newmarket.

The artists who appeared in these programs were for the most part well known for their work here at the school on previous occasions, while the last two concerts gave us artists who were newcomers to the school. The artists who appeared were as follows: Nov. 10,—Scott Malcolm and Reginald Godden—duo piano team; Feb. 24,—Alice Strong Rourke, soprano, Gwendolyn Williams, pianist, and Adolph Koldofsky, violinist; March 10,—Mary McKinnon Shore, pianist, George Lambert, baritone, and Gordon Hallett, pianist; May 6,—Elizabeth Holmes, mezzo soprano, Stanley Solomon, violinist, Glen Moreley, 'cellist, and Frank Murch, pianist.

Every programme was outstanding in the accomplished and superior manner of the presentment. Those students and visitors who were fortunate enough to find the time available to take in these highly enjoyable and profitable entertainments were heard afterwards to express hopes for return presentations of such talented musicians.

F. MURCH AND R. LEWIS

VISITORS' DAY

IN SPITE OF adverse climatic conditions on this first wintry Saturday in December, the friendly spirit of the capacity crowd we welcomed was not to be dampened. Through days of careful preparation and hopeful anticipation the big moment had arrived at last. Now we could proudly display samples of skilled work done and other achievements to our new arrivals.

About three hundred interested parents and relatives, former school associates and acquaintances eagerly toured our classrooms. With curiosity they inspected desks, notebooks, charts and so on,—but everything was *perfection* itself,—in short, our efforts were *flawless!!* . . . or so they said. Our newcomers viewed with admiration the fine Bulletin Board and Hobby displays, followed by a visit to our center of manual industry,—the Craft Shop. Then we took them to the gym where basketball games were in progress and the Hal Haydon Mural was to be seen. Despite a little exhaustion we gayly persuaded our folks to mount the stairs to see our two Libraries. Since we never do things by halves, and they might as well be completely winded, we induced them to scale more heights to visit Mr. Brandon's laboratory.

Supper was served in a double shift style. At this point we wish to compliment our dietitian on the capable way in which it was handled and the enjoyable meal served.

The evening's entertainment provided our visitors with a programme of both music and drama. The Glee Club under the capable direction of Messrs. Rourke and Murch, sang a number of Negro Spirituals.

With the competent and experienced guidance of Messrs. Holmes and Widdrington, the fellows of the Dramatic Club were able to put on three one-act plays. They were: a revised version of Lord Dunsany's "The Glittering Gate;" "Spreading the News," by Lady Gregory; and a Great War drama by Eugene O'Neil called "In the Zone." See further mention of these under the Blue Curtain.

Our many visitors expressed their delight in being able to attend and enjoy our successful programs of both afternoon and evening. So great was their enthusiasm that we are spurred on to do bigger things in future so that Parents' Day may become a better opportunity for all to see "The College in Action."

R. E. LEWIS



THE SOCIAL WHIRL

The Informal Dance

ON THE NIGHT of November the nineteenth, we held our annual swing and sway session to the rhythmic beat of Maxie Boag's orchestra. The committee, under the direction of Jack Tisdall, had really done a fine job on the hall, which was decorated in ye olde traditional blue and silver.

The dance started, the music was perfect, the lights were low, and by the look on Porkey's face, (Am I In Heaven), things were just right. As time passed on, the dancers really started to go to town, with unique versions of the Suzi-Q and Shag, slowing up just long enough to enjoy a scrumptious supper.

Supper over, the dance commenced again in its mad rush against time. Round and round we went, familiar faces flashed by. "Chain Lightning" Shanhouse, Charles, Johnson, Freedman, Campbell, etc., etc. Finally the music slowed down and settled into the enchanting rhythm of the Blue Danube. Campbell still flashed by. What a man! And what a dance!

The Ontario Ladies' College Dance

TOWARDS THE END of January, some fifty students of Pickering College journeyed to Whitby to attend a tea dance sponsored by the Athletic Association of the Ontario Ladies' College. The boys were welcomed by the girls in the gymnasium which was charmingly decorated in the light and dark blue colours of O.L.C.

The melodious strains of the orchestra, the delightful atmosphere produced by the decorations, the delicious supper and the original style of some of the dancers all contributed to make a very enjoyable afternoon. May we extend our sincere appreciation to the young ladies for a most entertaining dance.

Formal Dance

IN FEBRUARY the College formal dance was held. This news may be old but the memory is still fresh—or is it? The dance was a great success as has been the custom with alma mater's social events since way back when Tisdall was in short pants.

With the atmosphere of white ties, tails, shimmering skirts, orchids—or were they?—the party was in full swing by midnight. The styles of dancing may be mentioned and then again they may not, it's all a matter of personal opinion. Trucking was outstanding. The "jeep" had its fling. The Susie-Q excelled itself and the Big Apple was well polished off.

With the strains of the Blue Danube and two or three other well known waltzes the dance came to an untimely end to leave us only the memory of a delicious supper and a delightful time.

The Sports Day Tea Dance

ALMOST AS TRADITIONAL as the games is the tea dance that follows. A larger crowd of contestants and friends appeared on the gym floor than ever before. (This can be taken at its literal meaning). The sweet strains of Art West's orchestra could be heard far into the early evening, as would-be milers and those that also ran proceeded to, and succeeded in thoroughly tiring themselves out.

The Christmas Dinner

ON THE EVE before the first term was completed, the traditional Yuletide festivities and banquet were held at the college.

This year Santa Claus, Mr. Perry with a long beard, arrived on a small tricycle amid riotous shouts from everywhere. The usual presentation of gifts by sincere well wishers and practical jokers followed. The habitual offenders received such highly coveted awards as the shovel and the pick.

"Firth House" Inco'polated

THE YEAR of 1937-38 has been highly successful for the inhabitants of Firth House. Sports have had among other activities a big year.

SPORT: Nearly everyone has taken part in some form of athletics during each term. Firth House has been fairly buzzing with enthusiasm and has been represented by a team in every sport. In basketball our stalwarts defeated the Junior Corridor. Rugby and hockey were also played with much gusto. At the time of going to press we are trailing in baseball 2-1 in games against our lucky Junior Corridor rivals. However we hope to wipe out that lead, soon. Firth House also was well represented in the hills (and spills!) of Limberlost. Our Jimmy Frosst succeeded in capturing the Junior Skiing Championship.

HOUSE AFFAIRS: A Committee was elected each term: Bamford, Mack, and Henry—the 1st term; Bamford, Mack and Beer—2nd term; then Laurin, Bamford and Beer for the last term. As an experiment, coffee after dinner once a week was tried with Mrs. Blackstock presiding. It was fairly successful but some of our number seemed to prefer their "cokes" to their coffee, so unfortunately the idea was dropped. Speakers on a variety of topics of interest included—Mr. Rourke, Mr. Veale, Mr. Hiltz and Mr. Holmes whose chats during the year were appreciated greatly.

ACADEMICS: In academics as well as in sports a good year was had. We "Firthers" have some top-notch students as well as sportsmen.

We, the students of Firth House, want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock for their unceasing co-operation and efficient management of the house during the year, (despite the distraction of duties concerning a "new-comer"). Also, thanks to Messrs. Pollard and Leitch, and that leading tyrant Mr. Mather for their "guidance" during the year. To Mr. Boyd go our kindest thanks for his untiring work and good naturedness.

And so ends another great year in Firth House, and it is hoped that the next one will be just as successful, if not even better.

CHAS. BEER



SENIORS AT LIMBERLOST



WHAT STRANGE MEN ARE THESE?



II FORMERS VISIT WELLAND CANAL

1937-38



EDITOR MACK



FOOTBALL HIKERS AT LOSTERLIMB



BUSINESS V



TRUCKING?



I FORMERS SEE OLD ANCHOR
AT HOLLAND LANDING



SKIERS, ETC.



BLUE CURTAIN

"PATIENCE" or BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE

ON MARCH 30th, 31st, and April 1st, the Pickering College Glee Club in co-operation with a chorus of ladies from Newmarket, presented before large and appreciative audiences their rendition of the little-known work of Gilbert and Sullivan, entitled "Patience." If the applause of the vast crowds in attendance or the write-ups of renowned critics, which appeared in the local and Toronto newspapers, are anything to judge by,—the production was a resounding success. The ladies' chorus was acclaimed as the best that has appeared in a college production, and the dragoons were nothing short of superb.

The production was under the expert, adept, and at times sarcastic direction of Messrs. R. E. K. Rourke and Frank Murch,—whose "patience," (dear me!), and persistent work for six months made the production the success that it was. Everyone concerned with the opera is deeply grateful to "Bob" and "Frank," not only for the fine production but also for the knowledge and experience received by those who took part.

The opera, itself, is a satire on the time of the aesthetic movement that flourished in England during the end of the nineteenth century. Reginald Bunthorne, a part hilariously played by Mr. Rourke, is a very aesthetical fleshy poet to all appearances. The lady that Bunthorne yearns for is Patience, played by Mrs. Alice Strong Rourke. This humble village milkmaid does not love him. She is really in love with another poet, Archibald Grosvenor, played by Mr. Widdrington.

The Glee Clubbers were very fortunate that Mr. Widdrington could appear in spite of the illness that he had suffered the week before the show.

The other principal parts were exceptionally well handled. Mrs. Phyllis Saunders Hawkins was perfect as the "'rugged-loving'" Lady Jane. Lady Angela, Lady Saphir and Lady Ella were very expertly handled by Miss Betty Holmes, Miss Mary Rosamond and Miss Jean Robinson respectively. Pete Johnston, Court. Baker and Reg. Lewis were excellent as the officers of the Dragoon Guards—especially when they tried to appear aesthetic! Mr. Bunthorne's Solicitor was well done by Hugh Buchanan. The chorus of Rapturous Maidens: Irene Armstrong, Ruth Doyle, Audrey Geer, Vera Geer, Eileen Hart, Doris Johns, Nellie Little, Helen Nesbitt, Bernice Peppiatt, Clarice Peppiatt, Elsie Smith, Jean Smith, Velma Thompson, Meeda Williams, Doris Wills. Chorus of Dragoon Guard Officers: George Bell, George Campbell, Thomas Campbell, John Craig, Bruce Glenzinning, Gordon Hay, Charles Lanier, Robert Le Brocq, John McCrea, Glen McKee, Edward Mack, Richmond Mather, Ronald Moore, Benjamin Terry, Fraser Thompson.

The sets and properties were under the capable direction of Mr. Rudy Renzius with the assistance of Jack Tisdall and Jim Hood. Back Drop was painted by John Byrne. Properties kindly supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Renzius, Jim Hood and Frank Murch.

Publicity: H. M. Beer.

Wardrobe: E. Leitch, Jim Hood.

Stage Managers: C. R. Blackstock, W. A. Pollard, Jack Tisdall.

Librarian (par excellence—Ed.): Peter Sloss.

Tickets: G. Carroll.

Programme: R. Renzius and junior students.

Make-up: J. W. Holmes, A. Hilts, N. Brandon, Mrs. R. B. Green, Mrs. Renzius, Miss Ancient.

Costumes by Mallabar, Toronto.

PETER SLOSS



Cast of "Patience"

Photo by B. A. Budd

CLUBS

Root of Minus One

THE CLUB took on four new members this year to make an even baker's dozen. Sam Freedman was unanimously elected "Suckertary," because of the book-keeping ability which he is alleged to have gained from the business course. As a result of Mr. Freedman's efforts we feel we may be able to round off the year with a splendid banquet.

Under the superb leadership of Mr. R. E. K. Rourke and with a dignified and scholarly decorum of members, fitting to the ancient traditions of the Club, we got off to a fine year of interesting activities. The first few meetings were spent on travel talks by Messrs. McCulley, Perry and Rourke.

Following this the members started on a series of scientific discussions based on C. C. Furnas' book, "The Next Hundred Years." Several of the members took turns in preparing papers on a subject and leading the Club in discussions. In this way a truly fine Club Spirit was worked up and the group began to feel they had achieved the direct objective and purpose in its meetings. The experiment proved worthwhile and the fields of biology, chemistry, physics and engineering were covered in a general but interesting fashion.

The "Cuisine" standards were easily maintained with sandwiches by Shanhouse. (?) "Look after the calories and the vitamins will look after themselves," has long been the motto of the Rooters' Cuisine.



The "Rooters"—still puzzled.

—Photo by R. B. Green.



—Photo by R. B. Green

Kosmo Clubbers Study the Globe.

Kosmo Club

SINCE ITS BIRTH three years ago the Kosmo Club has steadily forged ahead and 1937-38 was no exception. For, this year we had many more meetings, all of which were interesting; more members, all of whom were interested in the ideals of the club and after all that is what makes a club. Some of our speakers came from outside the college but the majority, including Messrs. Rourke, Widdrington, Beer, Veale, Statten, Hilts, Renzius, Blackstock and our own Mr. Perry, were from our own staff. Mr. Graham McInnis, who accompanied Mr. Perry on his cross-Canada tour, spoke to the club at a magnificent spread at the Perry's. At the final banquet at the Spouter Inn Commander De Marbois gave an excellent illustrated talk on his experiences in South America. We were also privileged to hear from several of our more travelled student members. For instance, the McGibbon twins spoke on their trip to Europe, Court Baker told us about his fishing experiences off the coast of Nova Scotia; and Charles Lanier discussed the grain situation and the irrigation system in Southern Alberta. The club also had many informal meetings which added variety to our program. Member Dick Henderson's father kindly contributed two gold-lettered record books for the Kosmo archives. Officers for the year were, Peter McGibbon, president; Hugh Buchanan, secretary, and Robert McGibbon, treasurer.

"Polikon Club"

THE POLIKON CLUB enjoyed a very successful year. Each member of this exclusive organization took a genuine interest in its activities. Verbal battles were heroically fought on a great variety of questions such as "Can Canada Defend Herself?"; "Will Canada break away from England in the Event of War?"; "Do Women dress more comfortably than Men?" The solution to these problems as evolved by the House were respectively: "Yes, No and Maybe."

On the day of our trip to U.C.C. we were fortunate in being able to arrange a visit to Ontario's Provincial Legislature while in session,—an enjoyable treat which was most revealing and educational. Later that day we participated in a heated discussion with the "International Affairs Club" of Upper Canada College over "Democracy as a form of government is doomed to failure" in which, we, the negative emerged the victor.

The Spring Banquet which was held at Hollywood Lodge, Lake Simcoe, was preceded by a golf tournament in which the "north country members" of the club demonstrated their hardiness by playing through a whole afternoon in zero temperature. The speaker of the evening was Mr. Roy Davis of Toronto, his subject, "Communism and Canadian Youth." A lively discussion followed the address and our return to the college was only made possible after a forceful motion of adjournment.

This year small gavels were given to both Mr. Leitch and Mr. Pollard, to express the club's congratulations and best wishes on their engagements announced at last term's Formal Dance. May all their troubles be little *Polikoners!*

THOS. CAMPBELL.



The Polikoners in formal array.

Photo by R. B. Green

"Newtonian Club"

THE "NEWTERS" got off to a late start this year due to the infantile paralysis epidemic. However, on October 5th, the first meeting of the year, five new members were voted in and the club began to function perfectly. Very colourful and interesting talks were given by Mr. Hodgetts, who spoke excellently on Dictator Mussolini; Mr. Brandon interested all in his talk on science; Mr. Veale spoke on his trip through the United States last summer; Mr. Rourke and our illustrious headmaster Mr. McCulley gave equally fine orations.

Besides these talks the Newters were much interested in speeches given by fellow members. This was a new idea brought in this year, a great deal of information and enjoyment being gained in this way. Of these orators Messrs. Creed, Phipps, F. Thompson, Myers, Rogers, McComb and McGillivray were outstanding.

Besides these functions there were many highlights in this year's club. The weekend skiing trip to Huntsville was all that one could ask for in sport, —the ice boat party at Lake Simcoe was very thrilling and needless to say lots of fun was had at weiner roasts in the woods behind our alma mater. The climax of these functions was a party held at the Royal York Hotel. The Newters feeling that this should be something to remember, gathered together all available cash and a great time was had by all.



"The Witan Club"

IN THE EARLY PART of the winter term, the Witan Club was organized. Mr. A. B. Hodgetts and some gentlemen of the Junior Corridor and Firth House got together for the purpose of discussing current events. The derivation of this new club's name was from a certain group of counsellors in Early England who used to hold discussion meetings about the problems of their day.

Mr. Hodgetts, Bob McNally, Charlie Beer and Elliott Frosst gave some very interesting talks of current interest. Mr. Hodgetts spoke on Fascism, Communism, and other "isms" at the present time. At the conclusion of each meeting there was always plenty to eat, and the very best. About half way through the term a new member was elected. Molly became very well liked.

The charter members are: C. Beer, E. Frosst, S. Henry, D. Laurin, Wm. Mayo, R. McNally, T. Platt, G. Roberts, and Mr. A. B. Hodgetts.

"Ye Pickering Funnel Club"

LAST OCTOBER a group of congenial students in the college got together and decided to form a new club. The first meeting was held on Tuesday night, October 25th. It was voted that the new club would go under the title of the "Pickering Funnel Club." Seven members got the club started and at a later date a few new members were enrolled bringing the total up to twelve.

The majority of the members had the opportunity of holding the office of President. Many pleasant hours were spent discussing various topics of the day,—taking part in debates. Food was usually the last item on the programme but by no means the least.

One Saturday night during the Winter term the club journeyed to Toronto for a banquet at one of the leading hotels.

This year has been, in our estimation, a very successful one, and to those members returning next year we sincerely wish you the best of luck in carrying on.



The Quaker Cracker

ONE SELDOM SEES what goes on behind the scenes in any newspaper, nor does one realize how much "midnight" oil is burned to meet the "dead lines." The staff of the *Quaker Cracker*, Pickering's own newspaper, is usually composed of those students who have, fortunately or unfortunately, soiled their hands with printer's ink. It is through the efforts of such students that the paper has survived for the past seven years.

Although the number of publications during the past year have been smaller than previous years, the editions that have been published were truly worthwhile. The following is an editorial from one of the current editions which is so characteristic of the paper:—

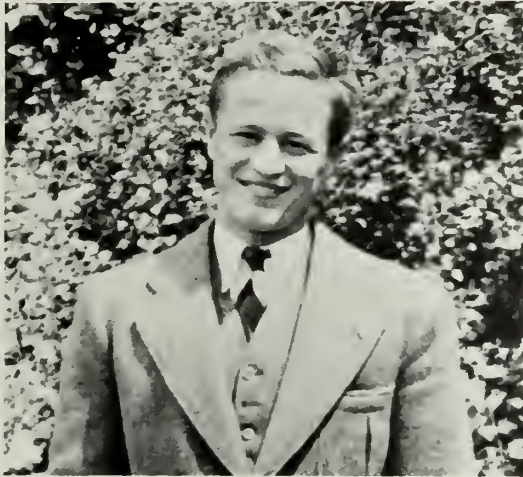
"News has always been a problem since the beginning of the newspaper world. The type of news that should be presented and the type of news that shouldn't be presented, or just isn't. In years past it has been the policy of this paper to present to its readers the latest and yet the most interesting news in the community. The type of news that finds its way to the columns of this paper is the news that makes both school and world history. It's the news the average Pickering student desires to have in his paper.

"In years past we have been able to stick out our chests and proudly mention that the *Quaker Cracker* was owned and operated by the students of the college—a Pickering newspaper, with its own news, policies, traditions and ideals."

THE EDITORS.

Garratt Cane

GLEN MCKEE was this year chosen by his fellow students to take his place with the former winners of the Garratt Cane. This award is made annually by the members of the graduating class to the one of their number whom they feel best exemplifies the ideas and attitudes of Pickering College. The honour has again fallen on worthy shoulders. "Hap" has left the imprint of his personality on a wide range of school activities. Rugby, hockey, track and field, have all provided opportunities for his athletic ability; while the Glee Club, Rooters and School Committee gave scope for a pleasing personality and a desire to contribute to the life of the school.



Cane Winner Glen McKee

Valete

COMES THE TIME to say farewell to what might be termed (in some quarters with a suggestion of a snigger) the graduating class. It is a task that presents difficulties because that group is apt to be nebulous—"the best laid schemes o' mice and men, etc."—; we remember bidding fond farewell to a student in three successive issues of the *Voyageur*: eventually he went into a course that did not require Latin. And so if we bid you farewell, and you think we see hand-writing on the wall of the future that is perhaps impertinent on our part, don't feel insulted; and if you have to come back anyway, we shall bid you just as fond a farewell next year.

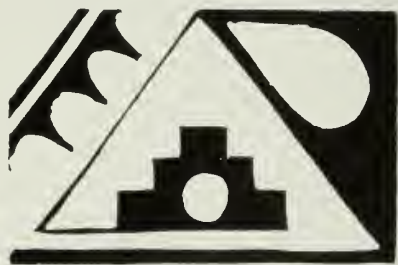
This is a year of older students; consequently a larger number than usual are leaving us, and as a further consequence we shall have to cut down on space somewhat. But here goes.

Dean of all graduates is undoubtedly Jack (Here to-day gone to-morrow) Tisdall; he has been a student off and on for 11 years, and that

is a record that will stand for many a year; a three-year football letter man, committee man and participator in other athletic and club activities; also strong proponent of the Friday to Tuesday week-end idea—Kosmo Club.

Next come a group of five-year students: **Hugh Buchanan** has been chiefly renowned for his journalistic and dramatic efforts; member of Voyageur and Cracker staffs, Sec'y of Kosmo Club, and a regular member of all dramatic castes; also talks excellent games of tennis, badminton and bridge; favourite phrase—"moral victory." **Bruce Glendinning** in his younger days made extensive use of gunpowder; latterly he has produced his explosives more subtly by working on the staff; played football, active in track and T model Fords, skiing and radios; the daddy of the Glee Club and highly interested in music, a rooter. **Ron Moore** is a letter man in basketball, who represented us in football and track; active also in tennis and skiing and a valuable member of the Glee Club. **Doug Morgan** played first team football and basketball, and is the daddy of the Cousins Club, knowing every pebble of the road up and down and some of the detours. **Johnny McCrea** is a letter man in basketball, secretary of the committee, prominent in skiing and tennis, a valued member of the Glee Club and a rooter. **Roger Strouse**, "the last of the gangsters," will leave a very large gap in the football team, on which he played two years; was also active in basketball, hockey, baseball, tennis, dramatics and Kosmo Club—in fact about anything that was going on.

Our four-year men are **George Bell** and **Bruce Morrison**, the latter was known throughout the hinterland as the "Commander." A famed "hiker," who also carried a compass,—“so I can tell where I am.” Quiet, studious, skier of note. Member of Kosmo Club. The former played football, hockey and was a track man, and a glee club veteran.



Then the three year students: **Pete** (now and then) **Johnston**, first team football and basketball, dramatics and leading man in the Glee Club and Polikon Club. **Bob Lloyd**, a committee man, first team football and hockey, and a generally helpful person to have about the place. **Jack Robb**, first team football and hockey, active in baseball, tennis and track, and a member of the Glee Club and Kosmo Club. **Pat Slaght**, active managerially in football, physically in hockey, and on the Voyageur staff. **Pete Sloss**, active in football, basketball, skiing and tennis, as secretary of the Glee Club, and a potent voice in any argument. **Dick Strauss**, football and track, skiing and dean of the 'Swing school'; finally **Ed. Mack**, editor of

this journal and the Cracker—and a really good one, member of the committee, manager of the football team, secretary of Ski Club, member of Glee Club, President of Polikon Club and camera man.

Coming to the two-year men we have **Court Baker**, active in all sports as far as a "donky" knee would permit, a major rôle taker in the Glee Club, added weight to everything, including himself, Kosmo-ite. **Jack Bowser**, football and track. **Tom Campbell**, Polikon Club, first team basketball and football, tennis player, Glee Club and as Sloss' roommate, full of argument, also camera man. **Jim Eakins**, first team football, an actor whose "Stanhope" in "Journey's End" will long be remembered, auto enthusiast. **Wellington Johnson**, Polikon Club, active managerially in foot-



ball and hockey. **Reg. Lewis**, first team football and hockey, active in skiing, tennis, took major parts in the Glee Club, Voyageur and staff. **Bob Lindsey**, first team football, active in baseball, Voyageur staff. **Jack Milliken**, football, skiing and track. **Pete and Bob McGibbon** (even as they leave us we cannot separate them) first team football, committee men, Glee Club, basketball, baseball, the one President and the other Treasurer of Kosmo Club. **Hap McKee**, Chairman of the school committee, captain and footballer-de-luxe, first hockey team (acting captain), skiing, baseball, track, basketball and Glee Club, rooter—in fact everything; a big gap to be filled here. **Harry Norrie**, first team football, hockey and baseball. **Bob Shanhouse**, committee man, first team football and basketball, active in baseball and a 'swing' fan. **Bob Sutcliffe**, rooter, committee man, first team football, captain of hockey team, camera enthusiast. **Fraser Thompson**, active in football, basketball and track and member of the Glee Club. **John Young**, Davis scholar, first team football and hockey, also active in every sport, Kosmo Club.

Those who have been with us but one year include the following: **Don Charles**, Treasurer of Polikon Club, lacrosse, baseball, tennis; **Gordon Hay**, football, hockey, Glee Club, winner of Harper Memorial Contest; **Jim Hood**, workshop and stage; **Charles Lanier**, committee man, football, basketball, baseball, tennis, Glee Club, Kosmo Club, Voyageur and Cracker Staff; **Bill Macdonald**, first team basketball; **Russ Morland**, Polikon, dramatics, hockey; **Norval Strong**, dramatics, football, basketball and accordion player.

We have not referred to their future activities, because time has proved us a bad guesser too often. But we wish them all well with all our heart, and hope they will return many a time to share common memories.

G. N. T. WIDDRINGTON

What Will They Be Doing Twenty Years From Now . . .

THE STAFF

Headmaster McCulley—Should be premier but we know he'll still be here carrying on.

Mr. G. N. T. Widdrington—Still trying to knock the classics into the blockheads of junior editions of Creeds, Buchanans, MacGillivrays and Glendinnings, (poor Gus). And he'll still be putting the wrong end of cigarettes into his mouth and still without tennis balls.

Mr. Norris Brandon—Ask his brother or some of his friends.

Mr. A. M. Chipman—SORRY, we promised to keep it a secret.

Mr. Harry (Biff) Beer—An accomplished stage star in Hamilton and continuing to say mean things about Hitler.

Mr. Eric Veale—Chief tester for Hodgetts' Dog Biscuits.

Mr. Ronald Horace (Pop) Perry—Writing his memoirs, Round the world with Pickering. Also planning to take his football team on a trip to Walla Walla.

Mr. Ambrose Birnie Hodgetts—Manager of the Park Plaza.

Mr. Robert (You are a —) Rourke—Continuing to scare future little boys out of a year's growth and into university.

US KIDDIES

Glen (Chorus—Cutie) McKee—In Hollywood with the rest of the Robert Taylors.

Roger (my brudder) Strouse—Chief model for the Goodyear Blimp Co. Inc.

Peter (Just a jiffy) Johnston—Mr. Deanna Durbin.

Hugh (Martyr) Buchanan—In jail for writing editorials which hurt people's feelings. The old meanie.

Bob (Romeo) Shanhouse—He'll cross many bridges and many streams will flo underneath him but he'll marry her.

Murray Nesbitt—Still hunting for ballot box burglars.

Court Baker—He sure is hot stuff but he'll still be in Cold Storage.

Eddie (Bittie) Creed—Baby LeRoy's successor, and still a staunch admirer of all Hawaiians.

Edward (Get out then) Mack—Editor of The Telegram, The Daily Star, The Globe and Mail and other tabloids.

Art (?) Dyer—A permanent member of the staff. . . .

James Albert (Sleepy) Robertson—Do tell. . . .

Rebert (Hiawatha, Venus, Squish) McNally — There's no telling. Stranger things have happened

Willyam (Ha, ha, ha) Todd—Still haunting McNally—

Grant (F. Q.) Roberts—In the same old business. . . .

Ted Brooke—A second Mr. Widdrington. Only he'll really be able to play tennis.

ATHLETICS





First Team Football

THE COLLEGE TEAM lost the opening game of the year to Peterborough by a decisive score. The first half of the game was in favor of Peterborough, but in the last half Pickering came back hard. The next two games were against North Toronto and Runnymede. Both these schools had exceptionally fine teams. Pickering, although losing both games, showed plenty of good rugby and only lost by an odd fumble in each case. The score against North Toronto was 3 to 15, and against Runnymede 9 to Pickering's 1. Then Pickering's first team travelled down to Upper Canada. It was a fine game, with both teams gaining about the same yardage. However, Upper Canada had their forward pass a little too well organised and beat Pickering by the score of 18 to 7. Pickering's next game was against Etobicoke High School on the latter's field. Again Pickering showed up quite well, but slackened up for a short period, and were surprised to see Etobicoke put over a couple of touchdowns. Finally in the last game of the season, the school team became desperate for a win, went down to Oshawa and won a game, beating the home team by a score of 17 to 0. In this game every player seemed to click perfectly. It was too bad the team had to hit its stride in the last game.

Due to a city epidemic the rugby season was a little shorter than usual. Perhaps that was the reason the team failed to click until the latter part of the season. Nevertheless, the team extends many thanks to its coach, Mr. "Pop" Perry, and may next year's First team be extremely successful.

Personnel

Captain McKee showed himself as being one of the best all round players we have ever had. His terrific driving power gained us most of our yardage. Never spared himself. A very hard tackler.

Though less effective than last season, because of training let up, **Shanhouse** at Snap, was still an outstanding player. A superb ball handler and a fine secondary man. **Sutcliffe**, playing his first season as a back fielder, kicked and ran well. Apt to "blow," after which he played erratically.

Kydd was a hard tackler and a good ball carrier. Carried much of the load on the backfield.

Taylor tended to slow up when carrying the ball. Dependable in practice. Showed much improvement during the season. **Hall** had drive and showed a keenness for the game. A real prospect for another season. **Lindsey** filled in at centre a couple of times and did very well, displaying particularly the ability to know when and how to pass on an end run. **Moore**, whose best position has been a matter of some doubt for two years, finally displayed a flair for centre. He did some fine running and plunging, sometimes without the ball.

Young, our ghost of the gridiron, was a high speed man with no tricks. He played hard and tackled creditably. **Wood** rather spoiled his own chances by allowing himself to become soured by outside influences. Must learn to "drive," carrying the ball or tackling.

General Johnston put in an excellent season at quarter, handling his plays and the ball in a way that earned the team's confidence. Inclined



—Photo by B. A. Budd

Back Row:

Young (inset), Slaght (Mgr.), Freedman (Mgr.), Tisdall, Moore, Storms, R. Rogers, Morgan, V. Wood, Norrie, E. Mack (Mgr.).

Centre:

R. H. Perry (Coach), T. Campbell, Strouse, Johnson, Robb, Shanhouse, Lloyd, J. Charles, Lindsey, C. R. Blackstock (Athletic Dir.), J. McCulley, headmaster.

Front:

P. McGibbon, Hall, Kydd, McKee (Captain), Sutcliffe, B. Taylor, R. McGibbon.

to be weak on pass defense. His understudy, **T. Campbell**, failed to make the best use of the signals, preferring to make up his own. His best effort was in Oshawa, when he played a "no error" game.

R. Rogers, appearing on the field when convenient, nevertheless was our best kicker and an outstanding line man. Had a finished performance defensively and was a good tackler. **Strouse, Robb, Lloyd and Morgan** stood out as being a quartette of unusually capable linemen. **Tisdall** played well, but so seldom turned out for practice that we wondered if he had left us. **Norrie**, playing for the first time, used his weight to good advantage. Toward the end of the season had become one of the best. **Pete and Bob McGibbon** looked more alike than ever in uniform, and always played at once so the coach could tell they were both there. Turned in sparkling performances of tackling. Outstanding was Bob's performances at Peterborough when waist high in the hay field he picked a forward pass from among the opponents who couldn't thresh up to him in time.

Charles and Storms as sub outsides were in-and-outers. In odd games did some fair tackling.

Mack, Freedman and Slaght as a trio of managers provided the team with most of the things they needed, but there were not enough of them to keep track of the balls after practices.



—Photo by B. A. Budd

Juniors

WHEN SEPTEMBER ROLLED AROUND, and the College had opened, the customary enthusiasm for rugby was very apparent; and it looked as if the team with Birnie Hodgetts as coach had possibilities. As the season wore on this became a proven fact.

The line, though inexperienced for the most part, made up for it with weight and fight. The backfield was hindered throughout the season by injuries, and consequently found it hard to learn the plays. However they were fast and more than held their end up. As the team lacked a really good kicker, its offensive strength was greatly weakened.

The season started off auspiciously with a decisive win over Barrie; but the team slipped badly when they lost a close one to a much smaller Orillia aggregation. On to Cobourg where a well deserved win was chalked up and then back home where the team, playing its best football of the year, upset the heavier De LaSalle boys. This was followed by two hard fought games with our old rivals St. Andrews, a tie and a loss were the result. Another beating was inflicted on us in a return game with Barrie, due chiefly to much superior kicking. The season ended with a trip to Trinity College, and Pickering came down in front decisively.

Great credit must be given Mr. Hodgetts who spent long hours with us; the thanks of the whole team go out to him for such an enjoyable season.



Bantams

THIS SEASON a new team was started in Pickering rugby. The Bantams, incidentally, are the smallest team in the College but not the least in importance. After a month of gruelling practices under coaches Mather and Leitch, the Bantams opened the season with a game against the Newmarket High School. It was against a much heavier team, but the Bantams put up a good fight. Behind 20 to 5 in the last quarter, the Bantams put on a last spurt with bucks by Henry and Laurin carrying us right down the field. Quarterback Apple plunged a yard out for a touch. The final score was 20-10 for Newmarket.

The next game was against a bigger and more experienced Upper Canada team at Pickering. We shall pass over this sad defeat.

The next game was against St. Andrews, at Pickering. The Red and White put up a 10 to 0 score against us in the first half. In the second half we had it all our own way, but we only got one touch, this by Laurin. The final score was 10-6 for St. Andrews.

The team's next encounter was with the Newmarket team, the Bantam's best game. During the last minute of play in the first half, a Newmarket man got through for a touch. This made the score 6 to 1 for the invaders. But in the last minutes of play Newmarket's kick was blocked behind their own line and the score was tied, 6-6.

**PICKERING COLLEGE
FIRST HOCKEY TEAM**

1937 — 1938

A.D. ROGERS B.W. TAYLOR J. McCULLEY HEADMASTER E.M. CREED J.D. ROBB

J.A. HALL C.E. MCGILLIVRAY G. McKEE CAPTAIN R.E. LEWIS G.J. KYDD

G.W.C. BAKER MANAGER R.C.C. LLOYD T.E. MYERS R.J. STROUSE G.N.T. WIDDRINGTON COACH

GAMES PLAYED AND SCORES

vs.	Result	Score
S.A.C.	Lost	0-4
S.A.C.	Won	6-2
T.C.S.	Won	8-1
Grove	Won	8-0
Grove	Won	15-4
Lower Canada	Won	5-1
Runnymede	Tied	6-6
Upper Canada	Lost	4-10
U.T.S.	Lost	3-11
Norvoc	Lost	0-6

First Hockey Team

OUR FIRST TEAM this year was of slightly better than average calibre. We were successful against our own group teams, but failed against 'Prep.' school groups. The team was powerful on the offense, but lacked steadiness on the defence.

The first game was against our old rivals St. Andrew's College. In this game Pickering was defeated, 4-0. The return game was played on home ice. Here Pickering showed a fighting spirit when they came from behind to take the game by a score of 6-4.

In the set of games with Lakefield, Pickering hit their stride and took both games decidedly, by the scores of 15-4 and 8-0.

Led by "Herbie" Carnegie, the strong Northern Vocational team invaded Pickering for their annual game with the College. Here Pickering had their first real taste of opposition when they were defeated by the "Norvocs" 5-0.

In our game with Upper Canada College we were badly defeated.

Pickering made it very close with Runnymede when they tied their strong opponents at 6-6.

The College was soundly trounced by U.T.S. in one of the last games at Varsity Arena.

Hockey Personnel

Allan Rogers (goal): On the whole a disappointing season; played two or three really good games, but got the "jitters" in others. His main fault is over-impetuosity. He must learn to make the puck-carrier make the first move.

Bruce Taylor (defense): The back-bone of the defense; consistently turned attackers into the corner and left them there; covered up well; rushing was fair, and he was unfortunate not to score more goals.

John Charles (defense): Improved defensively during the season; his rushing was always pretty to watch, but he tended to end up behind the opponent's goal; self-control was lacking, but here too there was improvement.

Bob Lloyd (defense): A real trier and much improved player. On the defense he was unorthodox, but generally effective. His rushes were vigorous and direct. Kept his head well. Weak on stick handling and skating.

Jack Robb (defense): Did not fulfil early season promise. A little too slow for the company he was in; this showed clearly in the late-season games against prep-school group teams. His rushing was often good and he knows how to make a play.

Hap McKee (centre and acting captain): A real leader and play-maker who showed to great advantage at this position in comparison with his work as a defenseman last year. Inclined to feed his left wing and ignore the right. An ability to change pace quickly was very useful. Work around the net generally effective.

Sonny McGillivray (left wing): A prolific scorer who ran up a record of three goals per game for five consecutive games; a deadly shot and good stick-handler, although he was inclined to overdo the latter. Needs to keep his head in difficult situations.

Graham Kydd (right wing): Speedy, effective but not polished; inclined to get left in corners; a good shot, but must learn to vary his attack coming in; good back-checker. Needs to develop a back-hand shot.

Eddie Creed (centre): Improved during the season, especially in shooting; a little slow in skating, and not experienced enough to pull his line together on the attack; very promising player, however, and may possibly find the defense a happier position next year.

Reg. Lewis (left wing): Suffered a great deal from illness during the season and was unable to show his best form; a persistent player and good back-checker but weak in finishing plays around the net. Filled in acceptably in the defense.

John Hall (left wing): Improved a great deal in spite of a mid-season lay-off through illness, and was the most up-and-coming player on the squad at the end of the season. Good shot, steady worker.

Tom Myers (right wing): Played this position in spite of being a left-hand shot and did it well, developing a nice back-hand; in games tended to lack the same drive he displayed in practices; fast, but inclined to wander.

Rog. Strouse (sub. goal): Improved amazingly during the season, especially in close-in work. Sometimes careless on shots; cleared well.

A number of others were pressed into service for a game or two including the following: Bob Sutcliffe, our captain who was handicapped by a hip injury but displayed flashes of his old speed on occasions; Jim Robertson who turned in a good job on right wing on two occasions; and Arnold Campbell, who subbed on the defense acceptably, but needs to learn to pass the puck on his rushes.

Second Hockey Team

THE SECOND TEAM has a twofold purpose. Firstly to act as a farm team for the first team, and secondly to satisfy the hockey hunger of players who are too old to play midget.

The second team had an exceptionally fine crop of players and revolutionized the history of the team. The players were fast-moving and created considerable excitement in the league. Although several of the players played outstanding hockey, the team was well balanced. Four games were won, one tied and three lost. The top honours for the North York League just slipped through the team's fingers.

The highlight of the season was the game with the "Old Boys." The "Old Boys" were not in perfect form (far from it) but they put up a fine fight. With one minute and a half to go the "Old Boys" were leading 2-1. At this

point the tide changed, the second team took their goalie out of the nets and put 6 forwards on the ice. Two goals were scored and the second team won 3 to 2.

The team was fortunate in having behind them a real goalie. Roger Strouse played marvellous hockey all season. At times the defence was a little weak but our stalwart friend in goal seldom failed.

Considering all, the team enjoyed a grand season. This year the team came close but next year it is hoped the second team will succeed in bringing to Pickering the top honours for the North York League.



—Photo by B. A. Budd

It was a good year for the "Seconds"

The Midgets

REGARDLESS of the fact that the Midgets had a much smaller team than usual the fellows fought hard during many a losing battle with a display of sportsmanship seen rarely on many a senior team.

The first game of the season was played with St. Andrews. The Midgets fought a hard battle but lost by a score of 4-0. The next game was with Lakefield and this time Pickering came through with flying colours with a score of three to two. A return game with St. Andrews proved to be another defeat with a final score of 2-0. The T.C.S. second team was Pickering's next Waterloo the final score being 7-0.

The old boys were next encountered and the Midgets won a decided yet exciting victory with a score of 2-1. The home team was defeated once again in a return game with Lakefield. The last game of the season was with U.T.S.: the Midgets were victorious piling up a score of 8-6.



J.M. YOUNG



R.O. MOORE



V. WOOD



A.C. JOHNSTON



W.S. MACDONALD

PICKERING COLLEGE FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM



J.A. McCREA



J.R. ROGERS



T.J. CAMPBELL

1937 — 1938

C.R. BLACKSTOCK
COACH

D. MORGAN



J.A.K. CRAIG



R.M. SHANHOUSE

J.M. CULLEY
HEADMASTER

ONLY THREE of last year's team returned to school for the 1937-38 year. To these were added eight new members, who had some basketball experience.

The team got off to a bad start winning only one of their first seven games. But under the able coaching of Mr. Blackstock (Blackie) the team did manage to win five of the other eleven games.

Eighteen games were played, four of which were Prep. School games with U.T.S. We won the first game of this series but dropped the other three in games marked by hard clean playing.

Riverdale Collegiate and St. Andrew's College each defeated us twice in home-and-home games. Orillia played twice on our floor, winning both games, the second one being of the wide open variety with lots of scoring. We divided games with Danforth Tech., and pulled out a double win in home-and-home over Trinity College.

The first hockey team was not hard to beat. The last win of the season was over Hope United Church from Toronto.

Single games were also played with Brampton and the Delta Upsilon fraternity from the University of Toronto, Pickering coming out on the short end of both games.

J. YOUNG.



Sr. North York

THE SENIOR North York League is composed of four schools:—Newmarket H.S., Richmond Hill H.S., Aurora H.S. and Pickering College.

This year the team did rather well considering the fact that our coach, Mr. Blackstock, had to start work on a completely new group of students who in general had never played basketball before.

The team got off to a nice start with a victory over Riverdale in a home-and-home series. In the return game Riverdale managed to take the College team by a small margin. A game was also played with Barrie C.I. before the series opened. This was Pickering's second win of the season. Then the league games were officially started. The opening game was a Newmarket victory. A second game was played with Newmarket a few weeks later, the team being able to take them for a few points. We played home-and-home games with the two other teams yet remaining and were lucky to garner a win out of Aurora on our own floor. This put the team in third place, so we made history in the league this year.

Although no pennants were won all the players learnt something about the game through Blackie's able guidance and a great deal of enjoyment was had in playing the game.

The Juniors

THE JUNIORS had a fair season this year. Six games were played in the Junior Prep. League and seven in the North York League.

They started out the season in the Junior Prep. League by losing a game to Runnymede C.I. This was followed by a series of games with U.T.S. of which the first was tied, the second lost, the third won and the fourth lost after a hard battle. The season was rounded off with a victory over T.C.S.

In the Junior North York League two games were lost to Richmond Hill. The home team then played three games with Newmarket High winning two and losing one. This was followed by a double defeat to the Aurora team.

The members of the team wish to take this opportunity to express their gratitude to Mr. Blackstock, Mr. Leitch and Mr. Mather for their patient coaching and advice during the basketball season.

Skiing

YOUR SCRIBE (with apologies to the late Lou Marsh and a certain sports' writer down town), greased his boots and skidded down two flights of stairs to get into the mood for writing this. Spring weather and an unbruised unmentionable part of my anatomy, are not conducive to thoughts of skiing.

Finding the above remedy unsatisfactory, I went further and bumped my head twice against the front pillars, tried Charlie McCarthy's idea and took a high dive into a damp cloth: and now, with one leg wrapped around the bedpost, the other up against the wall and my head and arms dangling in between, I find it relatively easy to review the skiing season at Pickering last winter.

Like the wheat crop, it was dependent on the weather. Boreas blew us in a surprise, with good skiing conditions coming before Christmas. Most of the eighty skiing enthusiasts were ready and waiting, although Brook and Ballard were still peeling the bark off their bit of hickory out in the shop. A new group, led by Storms and Charles, essayed to learn skiing in two falls and one broken ski. Many of us will hold life long memories of Storms flying down the hill with those long legs all over the place—any place but under him.

A high-light of the season, the latter part of which was marred by warm weather, was the Midland trip. Eight "experts" represented the College at the first Interscholastic Ski Meet. All 76 boys performed well, with special mention going to the Junior contingent. J. Rankin won the combined championship, (had his picture taken with Heggeveil and shook hands with the Mayor); Laurin, Mack and Frosst ran in that order after him. In the Intermediate section, Creed and Robinson skied well, but found North Bay opposition too tough. Robinson finished third and Creed fourth in the combined results. The style of both these runners is rapidly improving and both should begin to enter more serious competition. The undaunted Peter Storms ran for us in the Senior class and drew praise for his courage, if not for his common sense. McComb, as a beginner in competition, deserves mention. It is also rumoured he upheld the principle that skiing should be pronounced "sheeing."



Europe-bound Jack practises up for the Alps.

Limberlost—well it was Limberlost: nuff said.

As an after thought, we might mention that we were all insured this year. But, once we got it, there were no more skis broken. Better luck next year! Some of the skis might just as well have been broken, judging by these "spring observations." The money might have come in handy for tickets at Musselman's. As it is a lot of skis are still in the basement, out of their presses. But never mind: they'll be there next winter, and the warped edges will help in getting around corners.

A. B. HODGETTS

Sports Day

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL Sports Day was gloomy and rain fell spasmodically throughout the day. Nevertheless an air of cheerfulness pervaded and everything was run off smoothly. A fine crowd of parents and friends was present to witness the struggle between the red, blue and silver teams captained respectively by Jack Bowser, John Young and Ron Moore.

Only two records were broken during the day. Glen McKee broke his own record in the javelin throw with a heave of one hundred and fifty feet, ten inches beating his former record by a distance of approximately four



—Photo by R. H. Perry

The Guests Watch the Sports' Day Events

feet. The other record was broken by Jack Bowser who clipped a few inches off the broad jump distance.

The day came to an eventful finish with one of the most exciting mile races that has been seen around Pickering for some years. At the conclusion of the senior high jump, which was held on the following Monday, the results were as follows: the blue team was ahead of the red by a nose, closely followed by the silver.



Sports' Day Captains Moore, Bowser, Young

Badminton

THE NOBLE and gentlemanly sport of badminton again proved to be one of Pickering's most popular indoor pastimes. Over twenty students were actively interested in this 100-year-old sport and even though most of them were dubs a good time was had by all. No tournaments were held and probably it was all for the best; a ladder tournament was attempted but proved a dismal failure; no one knew what a ladder was. Mr. C. R. Blackstock deserves a vote of thanks for the gruelling hours he spent with the many beginners. However he got lots of laughs at the players' antics and they got lots of pointers from him, so summing it all up the season was finished off happily.

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1937-38



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MRS. E. F. STREETER, MISS M. M.
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SON, GHENT CARROLL, Secretarial
Staff.



Some of the Skiing Staff Members

LIMBERLOST

THE LIMBERLOST TRIP was an overwhelming success, and as quoted from a good authority, "It was the best yet." Many fond memories of cabins, beehives and waitresses arise, we are sure, frequently in the minds of the ardent skiers. Let us review the trip.

Thursday afternoon all three buses arrived at Limberlost Lodge. Cabins were assigned and after making a few changes in the sleeping arrangements, we set out for the hills for the remainder of the afternoon. After a hearty supper we spent an enjoyable evening playing cards and singing.

Friday morning, after a rare breakfast, we were on the ski trails bright and early—somewhere between 10 and 11 a.m. Fraser Thompson and Reg Lewis set out on their over-night trip to Camp Ahmek. About this time the snow was fast and spills were plenty. It was a thrilling day even though some of us did take such hills as the "Top of the World" on the bottom. That evening some Toronto people arrived for the week-end. Card games and singing—especially of that never to be forgotten "I see your face before me," held the spotlight. Some went tobogganning back of the Lodge and had a marvelous time.

Saturday the weather became somewhat warmer and snow began to fall. A hearty breakfast at the usual early hour gave us vim, vigor and vitamins for a full skiing day. Shortly afterwards Bruce Morrison, in full regalia, and Albert Dorland started out on an all-day trip in "darkest" Limberlost. That

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morning was the "slowest" we had and things began to look bad when at noon it began to rain. Drizzle though it was, the rain had something in it for it brought down dust unofficially quoted as being from the "dust-bowl." The noon meal was one of the highlights of the trip. Boys from various tables lent their voices to lusty yells, mostly (we firmly believe) for the benefit of Mildred and Helen. Afternoon skiing was fast. "Track," ringing from the lips of the heretofore mentioned skier, resounded from the distant hills and prepared the way for the would-be skier. At supper-time, while we waited patiently for the different courses, we gave vent to more yells. In the midst of our gaiety, Reg. Lewis and Fraser Thompson returned and received a "hand" for their achievement. About 8 o'clock we began to worry about Bruce and Albert. However, the boys knew their stuff and arrived safely just as a searching party was being sent out.

Sunday was another beautiful day. In the morning the down-hill races were held on "Old Baldy." The winners were:

DOWNHILL RUN		
<i>Senior</i>	<i>Intermediate</i>	<i>Junior</i>
Robinson	Wood	J. Frosst
SLALOM		
Creed	J. Rankin	Mack
CROSS COUNTRY		
Robinson	Laurin	Garfield

At noon we said "official" good-bye to all those who had made our week-end such a success. Early in the afternoon we left in the trucks and carried with us many lasting memories of the thrilling days on skis.



The Millar Hill Run

—Photo by R. H. Perry

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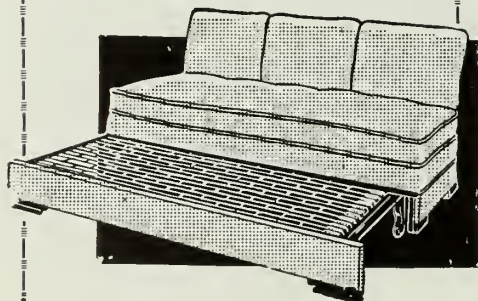
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HAY—Rugby, hockey.

JOHNSTON—Rugby, basketball.

KYDD—Rugby, hockey.

LLOYD—Rugby, hockey.

MORGAN—Rugby, basketball.

MCCREA—Basketball, skiing.

MCGIBBON, P.—Rugby.

MCGIBBON, R.—Rugby.

MCGILLIVRAY—Hockey.

NORRIE—Rugby.

ROBINSON—Skiing, Track and Field.

TAYLOR, B.—Hockey, rugby.

WOOD, V.—Basketball, Track and Field.

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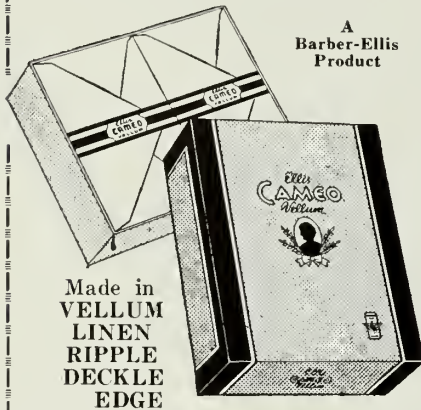
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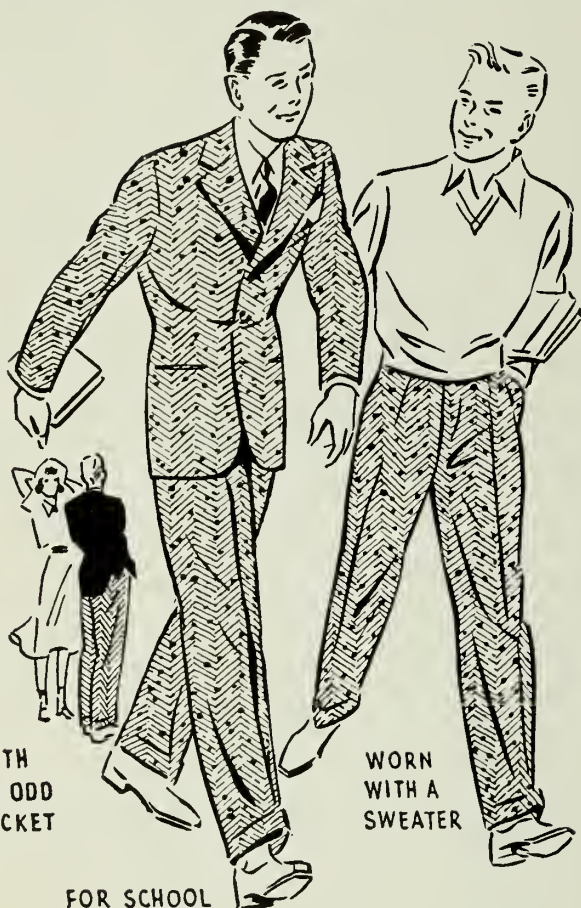
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